

# The Mirror

OF

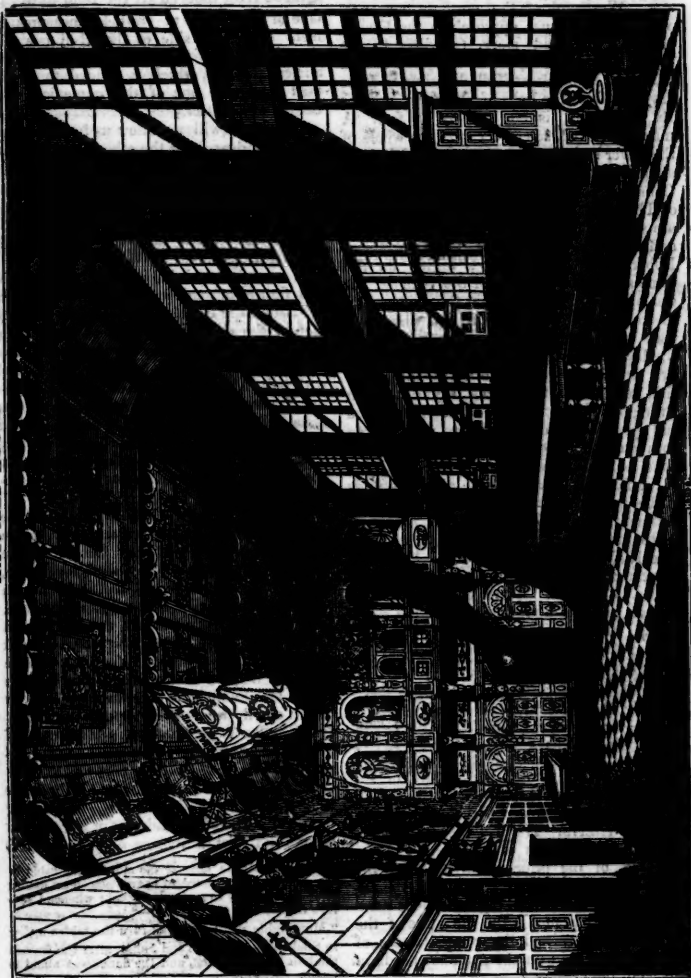
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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[Price 2d.]

HATFIELD HOUSE.



THE GREAT HALL.

## HATFIELD HOUSE.

(Concluded from page 30.)

## THE INTERIOR.

Mr. ROBINSON proceeds to describe the interior of this stately mansion by observing that the general arrangement of the noble suite of apartments corresponds, in every respect, with the masterly design of its magnificent exterior. Westward of the northern entrance, which is the usual approach to the House, the entire ground story, (previous to the late fire,) was occupied by domestic offices. Eastward is the Great Hall, differing, in some respects, from the halls of an earlier period: its dimension is 50 feet by 30 feet. A massive, carved, screen occupies the whole of the lower end, bearing the arms of William, second earl of Salisbury, K.G., and his Countess Katherine, who was the daughter of Thomas Howard, Earl of Suffolk; and the arms of Henry Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, and his Countess Frances, the daughter of Robert, Earl of Salisbury; higher on the same screen is the crest of the founder. It was against this screen that the cupboard of several stages containing a rich display of plate was usually raised. There are bay-windows, rising the whole height of the Hall, two stories, besides the oriel at the upper end, near which the Lord's Table stood in "the golden days." Here are another screen and open gallery highly enriched with carving both on the pilasters and panels, in which lions, as forming part of the heraldic insignia of the family, are introduced, bearing shields of the cartouche form. In a sculptured compartment, over the chimney-pieces, are represented the arms of Lord Burghley, with the date 1575. On either side of the fire-place is a complete suit of armour of the time of Queen Elizabeth. Here are also ranged several morions and weapons of the same period; to which have been added the standard of the Hertfordshire volunteers, by the late marquess, as well as a French cuirass from the field of Waterloo, and a bust of the Duke of Wellington. Towards the lower end of the Hall hangs a large picture of a celebrated grey horse, which was presented by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Robert Cecil, in the year 1594. A remarkable feature of the great halls in the old quadrangular mansions was the open timber roof with its ornamental louvre or lantern. Hatfield presents one of the earliest instances of an alteration; the springers of the principal divisions of the cored ceiling, somewhat resembling the ancient carved cantalivers, represent lions holding shields blazoned with the arms of the family alliances; and the compartments of the ceiling, ten in number, contain heads in relief of the Cæsars.

We have almost literally followed Mr. Robinson's minute details of this noble apart-

ment; and, the annexed Engraving, from Mr. Shaw's Plate, will convey an idea of the general effect of its numerous enrichments. A few accessories, characteristic of olden hospitalities, remain to be noticed; as the long standing tables\*—the very Franklin's tables of Chaucer, which

*Dormant in his hall alwaie  
Stoode redy covered all the long daie.*

One of the tables at Hatfield measures 25 feet. On either side of the Hall is a continued settle or fixed seat, agreeably to the ancient practice, which is alluded to by the poet Lydgate, one of the immediate successors of Chaucer.†

Our space will not allow us to be equally minute in describing the other apartments in the mansion; though, in comparison with the sumptuous edifices of the Tudor period, the rooms will be found less numerous, but more spacious, and more regularly disposed. The Staircase opens from the upper end of the Great Hall, and contains five landings, with massive and boldly carved balusters, and figures of genii and armorial lions upon the hand-rail; enriched ceilings, &c. At the foot of the stairs is the door of the Dining Parlour, which is one of the suite of rooms upon the eastern front, and is entirely paneled with oak. The summer Breakfast and Drawing Rooms adjoin this apartment, and the remainder of the eastern wing on the ground story of the mansion is wholly occupied by spacious private apartments; in which are hung some of the most valuable of the pictures.

On ascending the Great Staircase to the principal story, the first apartment of the suite, and over the Dining Parlour, is the Great Chamber, or King James's Room, 59 feet in length by 27 feet 3 inches in width; the ceiling is in the Florentine style, and is enriched by pendants, and heightened with gold. The chimney-piece of black marble, is 12 feet wide, and in the fire-place are silver dogs, 4 feet 9 inches high. The walls are hung with pictures of superior merit, chiefly whole-length portraits, including Charles I. by Vandyck, and portraits of the Salisbury family by Reynolds and Lawrence.

The Gallery, or Corridor, extends the whole length of the southern front, from King James's room to the Library in the western wing, 163 feet 6 inches, and is 19 feet

\* Mr. Robinson notes, "the more usual table in the olden halls consisted of boards placed on folding trestles, adapted to speedy removal; whence Capulet's direction to the servants—

"More lights, ye knaves, and turn the tables up,"—in Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, after the feast in the hall had concluded, and the dance was about to begin.

† It will be seen that the tables at Hatfield are not so richly carved as that at Staunton-Harold, engraved at page 25 of the present volume.

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6 inches in width. It is lit by nine large bay-windows, the centre being deeply recessed; independent of the ends, which are divided by Ionic screens. The paneling is also enriched with Ionic pilasters; and the "Frett Seelinge" is of masterly intricacy. Opposite the centre bay-window is a very curious organ, built in the reign of James I., in an ornamented, arabesque case. The general furniture of this Gallery corresponds with its architectural decoration, and consists of carved chairs and cabinets, candelabra, &c. Mr. Robinson adds: "the whole of this interesting room is scarcely to be paralleled in its gorgeous assemblage of ornament." It was in this Gallery that a series of *tableaux-vivans*, representing the most striking incidents in the Waverley novels was personated by the nobility and gentry in splendid costume, assembled at a grand entertainment in January, 1834; thus recalling to memory the masque of olden times.

The Library, at the west end of the Gallery, is of equal dimensions with King James's room. Over the chimney-piece is a Florentine mosaic portrait of Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, 1608. Here also is preserved an ancient cradle, called "Queen Elizabeth's cradle."

The books and manuscripts in the Library were arranged by Mr. J. C. Stewart, in 1831. The state papers in the collection extend through the successive administrations of Lord Burghley and his son the Earl of Salisbury, and include documents relating to the preceding periods of history, which came into Lord Burghley's possession from his connexion with the Court, and his well-known spirit of universal inquiry. The collection consists of no less than 13,000 letters from the reign of Henry VIII. to that of James I. Among the earlier MSS. are copies of William of Malmesbury's and Roger Hoveden's English History. There is also a very splendid manuscript on vellum, on the first page of which is a beautifully executed miniature of King Henry VII.; and a translation from the French of the Pilgrimage of the Soul, in 1413, with the autograph of King Henry VI., to whom it appears to have belonged. Of the time of Henry VIII. is a Treatise on Councils, by Cranmer; and the Original Depositions touching the Divorce of Anne of Cleves. Of Edward VI. there is a proclamation on his ascending the throne, which is not noticed by historians. Of the reign of Mary is the original Council Book. The Historical MSS. of Elizabeth's reign contain certain Memoranda in Lord Burghley's own hand; the Norfolk Book of Entries, or Copies of the Duke's Letters on the subject of Mary Queen of Scots; a copious, official Account of the Earl of Northumberland's conspiracies, &c. There are many papers relative to military and naval affairs, as

plans, maps, and charts, from Henry VIII. to this reign. The Historical MSS. of the reign of James I. include the actual draft of the proclamation declaring James King of England, in the handwriting of Sir Robert Cecil; and a warrant to the Lieutenant of the Tower, signed by the principal nobility, as well as the Council, that his majesty may be proclaimed by him within his precincts: this is signed by both Lord Cobham and Lord Grey, who are represented by Hume to have been tardy in their recognition of the new sovereign. The various transactions in the early part of this reign, including Raleigh's and the Gunpowder Plots, are illustrated in these MSS. The Royal Letters in the collection include specimens of most of the reigning princes of the time of Charles I., as well as a quantity of James's letters to Elizabeth, and to the Earl of Salisbury, after the King's accession.

At the west end of the Gallery is also the Winter Dining Room; with fire-dogs, and a very fine, ancient table. Here also is a secondary staircase, with balusters and hand-rail of the same massive character as the Grand Staircase.

The Domestic Chapel is situated in the west wing, and is 40 feet in length, and 23 feet 6 inches in breadth. It is enriched similarly to the rest of the mansion; the seats are of oak, and ornamented with carved finials. Over the altar is a large window filled with brilliantly painted glass, after designs from the Flemish and German schools; the subjects being from the Old Testament with reference to the New Testament.\* In the gallery carried round three sides of the Chapel, are several pictures of scriptural subjects: here also are the richly carved and gilded state-chair and footstool of Queen Anne.

The other principal apartments in the wings are Bedchambers of considerable dimensions, and Dressing Rooms attached. In the east wing is the Billiard Room, 23 feet square, with tasteful paneling and an elaborately fretted ceiling, to the cornice of which rises the chimney-piece.

In the year 1800, Hatfield House was visited by King George the Third and the Royal Family, on the occasion of a grand review of the yeomanry militia, and volunteer forces raised in the county of Hertford: after the Review, a sumptuous dinner was served to the Royal party in King James's Room.

The late Marquess was the only son of James, sixth Earl of Salisbury, the lineal descendant of Lord Burghley, and was advanced to the title of Marquess of Salisbury in 1789. Upon succeeding to the family estates, his lordship restored Hatfield House

\* This superb window was injured in the recent conflagration.

to its primitive magnificence, removed the old walls with which the edifice was formerly too closely environed, and united the two parks. His lordship died in 1823, and was succeeded by his son, the present Marquess, who has maintained his paternal mansion in costly repair.

Most of the apartments of Hatfield House are hung with portraits of the Cecil family, and of celebrated contemporaries of Queen Elizabeth and James I. The Family Series is nearly complete, from almost the introduction of the art of portrait-painting: second in the list is the well-known portrait of Lord Burghley, by Zuccherò, bearing the treasurer's staff. In the General Collection are many curious pictures; as the entertainment given by Cardinal Wolsey to Henry VIII. to meet Anne Boleyn, by Holbein; Petrarch's Laura, by Raphael; Zuccherò's celebrated portrait of Queen Elizabeth, the *chef d'œuvre* of the collection: a portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, said to be by Zuccherò; and George III. and Queen Charlotte, by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

A short time since, a portion of Hatfield House was consumed by fire, and destruction threatened to the whole of this vast mansion. On the evening of November 27, 1835, a fire broke out in the west wing, that shown entire in our first Engraving, where were two suites of rooms appropriated to the Dowager Marchioness of Salisbury; the whole of which rooms were destroyed, together with a long range of servants' apartments above and beneath them. The fire originated in the dressing-room of the Marchioness, who perished in the flames! As they spread towards the body of the house, the apartments were stripped of the furniture, pictures, state-hangings, beds, cabinets, books, and manuscripts, which, in a night of drenching rain, were carried out for safety into the park, and deposited there under rick-cloths and tarpaulins. "The thick walls of the Chapel fortunately intervened the west wing and the Great Hall; the oak-work of which, by communicating with the Gallery and other state apartments, would have rendered the destruction of the whole building inevitable, if the flames had once reached it. This was prevented by taking out all the wood-work in the Chapel, and bricking up the doors; while the interior of it was saturated with water, and the engine-pipe played from one of the windows upon the burning wing. The supply of water was bad; but the exertions of the firemen were materially assisted by the bursting of the large reservoir on the top of the House, the lead of which being melted, allowed the water to escape, and deluged the Chapel at the critical moment. It is to this that we ascribe the preservation of this splendid building; the whole of which is uninjured, with the exception of that por-

tion of it in which the fire commenced." The damage sustained by the furniture, &c., removed into the park, is said to have been considerable; "but there is nothing irreparable in the loss, which would have been the case had Hatfield House itself perished."

## VOLCANO IN AMERICA.

ERUPTIONS OF THE VOLCANO OF THE COSIGUINA, IN NICARAGUA.

ONE of the most stupendous convulsions of the globe ever known in this hemisphere took place last January, on the eruption of the volcano of Cosiguina. This volcano is situated in Nicaragua, one of the states of central America, and stands near the eastern promontory of the bay of Conchagua, separating the waters of the gulf from the Pacific. The following is the translation of a report, dated Jan. 29, from the Commandant of Union, a sea-port situated on the western shore of the bay of Conchagua, and the nearest place of any consequence to the volcano:—

"On the 20th inst., day having dawned with usual serenity, at eight o'clock, towards the S. E., a dense cloud was perceived of a pyramidal figure, preceded by a rumbling noise, and it continued rising until it covered the sun, at which elevation, about ten, it separated to the north and south, accompanied by thunder and lightning. The cloud finally covered the whole firmament about eleven, and enveloped everything in the greatest darkness, so that the nearest objects were imperceptible. The melancholy howling of beasts, the flocks of birds of all species that came to seek, as it were, an asylum amongst men, the terror which assailed the latter, the cries of women and children, and the uncertainty of the issue of so rare a phenomenon—everything combined to overcome the stoutest soul, and fill it with apprehension; and the more so when, at four P. M., the earth began to quake, and continued in a perpetual undulation, which gradually increased. This was followed by a shower of phosphoric sand, which lasted till eight o'clock P. M. on the same day, when there began falling a heavy and fine powder like flour. The thunder and lightning continued the whole night and the following day (the 21st); and at eight minutes past three o'clock P. M. there was a long and violent earthquake, that many men, who were walking in a penitential procession, were thrown down. The darkness lasted forty-three hours, making it indispensable for every one to carry a light, and even these were not sufficient to see clearly with. On the 22nd, it was somewhat less dark, although the sun was not visible; and, towards the morning of the

• From the Hertford Reformer Newspaper.

23rd, tremendously loud thunder claps were heard in succession, like the firing of pieces of artillery of the largest calibre, and this fresh occurrence was accompanied by increased showers of dust. From day dawn of the 23rd until ten o'clock A. M., a dim light only served to show the most melancholy spectacle. The streets, which, from the rocky nature of the soil, are full of inequalities and stones, appeared quite level, being covered with dust. Men, women, and children were so disfigured, that it was not easy to recognise any one except by the sound of their voices or other circumstances. Houses and trees, not to be distinguished through the dust which covered them, had the most horrible appearance. Yet, in spite of these appalling sights, they were preferable to the darkness into which we were again plunged from after the said hour of ten, as during the preceding days. The general distress, which had been assuaged, was renewed, and although leaving the place was attended by imminent peril from the wild beasts that had sallied from the forests and sought the towns and highroads, as happened in the neighbouring village of Conchagua and this town, into which tigers thrust themselves, yet another terror was superior, and more than half the inhabitants of Union emigrated on foot, abandoning their houses, well persuaded that they should never return to them, since they prognosticated the total destruction of the town, and fled with dismay for refuge to the mountains.

"At half-past three on the morning of the 24th, the moon and a few stars were visible, as if through a curtain, and the day was clear, although the sun could not be seen, since the dust continued falling, having covered the ground all round about to a thickness of five inches. The 25th and 26th were like the 24th, with frequent though not violent earthquakes.

"The cause of all this has been the volcano of Cosiguina, which burst out on the 20th. I am also informed, that, on the island of Tigre, in that direction, the showers of the 21st were of pumice-stones, of the size of a pea, and some even as large as a hen's egg. The earth quaked there more than here; but no houses or other edifices have been thrown down. Here there are many people with catarrhs, headaches, sore throats, and pectoral affections, resulting doubtless from the dust. Several persons are seriously unwell, and yesterday a girl of seven years old died, with symptoms of an inflammatory sore throat. Flocks of birds are found dead, lying on the roads and floating on the sea. The showers of dust lasted till the 27th."—*Silliman's Journal*.

## Retrospective Cleanings.

THE PORT THOMSON.

Letters from THOMSON to DR. CRANSTOWN.

(Continued from page 7.)

III.

Dr Sir,

I would chide you for the slackness of your correspondence; but having blamed you wrongeously last time, I shall say nothing 'till I hear from you, which I hope will be soon.

There's a little business I would communicate to you, befor I come to the more entertaining part of our correspondence.

I'm going (hard task!) to complain, and beg your assistance. When I came up here I brought very little money along with me; expecting some more, upon the selling of Widehope, which was to have been sold that day my mother was buried. Now 'tis unsold yet, but will be disposed of, as soon as it can be conveniently done; tho' indeed 'tis perplexed wt some difficulties. I was a long time here living att my own charges, and you know how expensive that is; this together with the furnishing of myself with cloaths, linnens, one thing and another, to fitt me for any business of this nature here, necessarily oblig'd me to contract some debt, being a stranger here, 'tis a wonder how I got any credit; but I can't expect 'twill be long sustain'd, unless I immediately clear it. Even now I believe it is at a crisis, my friends have no money to send me, till the land is sold; and my creditors will not wait till then—you know what the consequence would be—now the assistance I would beg of you, and which I know if in your power, you won't refuse me, is a letter of credit on some merchant, banker, or such like person in London, for the matter of twelve pounds; till I get the money, upon the selling of the land, which I am, att last, certain off. If you could either give it me yourself, or procure it; tho' you don't owe it to my merit, yet, you owe it to your own nature, which I know so well as to say no more on the subject; only allow me to add, that I first fell upon such a project (the only thing I have for it in present circumstances) knowing the selfish inhumane temper of the generality, of the world; you were the first person that offer'd to my thoughts, as one, to whom I had the confidence to make such an address.

Now I imagine you seized wt a fine, romantic, kind of melancholy, on the fading of the year, now I figure you wandering, philosophical, and pensive, amidst the brown, wither'd groves: while the leaves rustle under your feet, the sun gives a farewell parting gleam, and the birds

strir the faint note and but attempt to sing

then again when the heavens wear a more gloomy aspect; the winds whistle, and the waters spout I see you in the well known cleugh beneath the solemn arch of tall thick embowering trees, listening to the amusing lull of the many steep, moss-grown cascades; while deep, divine contemplation, the genius of the place, prompts each swelling awful thought. I'm sure you would not resign your part in that scene at an easy rate, none e'er enjoy'd it to the height you do, and you're worthy of it, ther I walk in spirit and disport in its beloved gloom. This country I am in is not very entertaining, no variety but that of woods, and them we have in abundance, but where is the living stream? the airy mountain? and the hanging rock? with twenty other things that elegantly please the lover of nature? Nature delights me in every form. I am just now painting her in her most lugubrious dress; for my own amusement, describing winter as it presents itself after my first proposal of the subject:

I sing of winter and his gelid reign  
Nor let a ryming insect of the spring  
Deem it a barren theme, to me 'tis full  
Of many charms; to me who court the shade,  
Whom the gay seasons suit not, and who shun  
The glare of summer. Welcome! kindred glooms!  
Drear awful, wintry, horrors, welcome all, &c.

After this introduction, I say, which insists for a few lines further, I prosecute the pursuit of the following ones:

Nor can I O departing Summer! choose  
But consecrate one pitying line to you;  
Sing your last temper'd days, and sunny calms,  
That clear the spirits, and serene the soul.

Then terrible floods and high winds that usually happen about this time of the year, and have already happen'd here (I wish you have not felt them so dreadfully) the first produced the enclosed lines; the last are not completed. Mr. Rickleton's poem on Winter, which I still have, first put the design into my head. In it are some masterly strokes that awaken'd me—being only a present amusement, 'tis ten to one but I drop it when'er another fancy comes cross.

I believe it had been much more for your entertainment, if in this Letter I had cited other people instead of myself; but I must refer that 'till another time. If you have not seen it already, I have now in my hands an original of St Alexander Brands (the craz'd Scots Knight w the woful countenance) you would relish. I believe it might make Mis John catch hold of his knees, which I take in him to be a degree of mirth, only inferior, to falling back again with an elastic spring; 'tis very —\* printed in the evening Post: so, perhaps you have seen these panegyrics of our declining Bard; one on the Princesses birth day: the other on his Majestys, in † — cantes:

\* A word is here obliterated. † Obliterated.

they're written in the spirit of a compleated craziness.

I was in London lately a night; and in the old playhouse saw a comedy acted, called, Love makes a man, or the Fops Fortune, where I beheld Miller and Cibber shine to my infinite entertainment. In and about London this month of Sept. near a hundred people have dy'd by accident and suicide. There was one blacksmith tyr'd of the hammer, who hang'd himself and left written behind him this concise epitaph

I. Joe Pope  
liv'd wtout hope  
And dy'd by a rope

or else some epigrammatic muse has bely'd him.

[The following is written upon the margin:—]

Mr Muir has ample fund for politicks, in the present posture of affairs, as you'll find by the public news. I should be glad to know that great ministers frame just now. Keep it to yourself—you may whisper it too in Mis Johns ear—far otherwise is his lately mysterious Br Mr Tait employed.—Started a superannuated fortune and just now upon the full scent.—'tis comical enough to see him from amongst the rubbish of his controversial divinity and politics, furbishing up his antient rusty gallantry

Yours sincerely J. T.

Remember me to all friends. Mr. Rickle, Mis John, Br John &c.

[This letter is not dated. By the post-mark it seems to have been written from Barnet.]

#### IV.

Edenbr Decr 11. 1729.

Sir

I received yours wherein you acquaint me that mine was very acceptable to you. I am heartily glad of it, and to wave all ceremony if any thing I can scribble be entertaining to you may I be d—d to transcribe dull books for the press all my life if I do not write abundantly. I fondly embrace that proposal you make of a frequent correspondence this winter, and that from the very same principle you mention and when the native bright ideas which flow from your good humour have the ascendancy over those gloomy ones that attend your profession, I expect you wont be awaiting.

You'll alledge that I have the advantage over you being in town where daily happen a variety of incidents. In the first place you must know tho' I live in Edenburgh yet I am but little conversant in the Beau monde viz. Consorts, balls, assemblies &c. wher beauty shines and Coxcombs admire themselves. If nature had thrown me in a more soft and indolent mold, had made me a Shapely or a St Fopling Flutter if fortune had filled my pockets (I suppose my head is empty enough as it is) had I been taught to cut a



caper, to hum a tune, to take a pinch, and lisp nonsense with all the grace of fashionable insipidity, then I could—what could I have done? hardly write. But however I might have made a shift to fill up an half sheet with ratt me, dimme &c. interspersed with broken Characters of ladies gliding o'er my fancy liking a passing image o'er a mirror. But if both nature and fortune had been indulgent to me and made me a rich finished gentleman, yet would I have reckoned it a price of my greatest happiness to be acquainted with you, and you should have had entertainment if it was within the circle of witt and beauty to afford it. but alas as it is what can you expect from the Divinity ball or a typenny call? It must be owned indeed that here in Edenbr to us humble sons of tippeny if beauty were as propitious as witt sometimes we would have no reason to complain of the superior fortune of the fluttering generation And O ye foolish women, who have thus bewitch'd you? is it not witt that immortalizes beauty, that heightens it, and preserves it in a fresh eternal bloom? And did ever a Fop either justly praise or admire you? but perhaps what I am railing at is well order'd and if there was such a familiar intercourse betwixt witt and beauty as I would have, witt would degenerate into softness and luxury and lose all its edge and keenness, would dissolve in sighs or burst in nonsense. Witt and beauty thus join'd would be as Shakespear has it making honey a sauce to sugar: And yet another would say that beauty, divine beauty! enlivens, heightens and refines witt, that even witt is the necessary result of beauty which puts the spirits in that harmonious motion that produces it, that tunes them to that extacy and makes them dart thro' the nerves and sparkle in the eyes!—but whither am I rambling? What I am going to propose is (and you see there is great need for it) that you would in your next settle our Correspondence into some order and acquaint me on what subject you would have me write to you; for on news of any kind I'll soon run aground.

You write me that Mis John and his quadruped are making a large excentrical orbit, together with 2 or 3 walletfulls of books, which I suppose will be multiplied into several more of papers before they return—belike they may have taken a trip into China and then we shall have his travels. There is one thing I hear storied (God forbid it be true) that his horse is metamorphosing into an ass. And by the last accounts I had of it its legs are shott up into a strange length and the cross was just beginning to dawn upon its shoulders And besides as it one day was saluting a capful of oats (wonderful to tell!) it fell a braying—I wish many nobles were so comfortably settled as you hint. tell Mis John when you see him that

I have a bundle of worthies for him if once I had receiv'd his packet.

There are some com'd from London here lately that teach Natural Philosophy by way of shew by the beat of drum, but more of that afterwards—I designed to have sent you a manuscript poem, but I have no time till next week.

Yours heartily

JAMES THOMSON.

### The Naturalist.

#### THE HEAD OF MAN.

OF that noble and dignified structure, man, the portion that claims our first notice is the head, the capital that crowns the fabric. Its elevated position; its ample expansion of countenance,—the index of the operations of mind; its rounded and globular form; its comely covering of hair, hanging in the unadorned simplicity of nature, or modified by the contrivances of art; and its serving as the seat of almost all the organs of sense; are prerogatives that entitle it to our peculiar consideration.

If we look at its elevated position, we shall find that the head assumes, as it were, the post of honour, being placed above all the other portions of the fabric, and hence giving the necessary elevation to the organs with which it is furnished, particularly to the organs of vision, by which we can thus command a wider and more extended view of the glories of external nature. Had man been destined to walk or to stand on all-fours, as some philosophers have presumed that he originally was, he would have been in a worse predicament than even any of the quadrupeds, whose look, though prone, is still well adapted to their form and condition; for in that case his face would have been depressed to a parallel with, or even to an angle beyond, the level of the horizon, and his look turned neither forwards nor backwards, nor to the one side, but directly downwards. It could not then have been said that he was made to contemplate the heavens. But the inequality that is so notoriously evident in the length of our legs and arms, together with their mode of articulation and flexure, affords proof sufficient that nature never intended man either to walk or stand except upon his feet only, and that, partly at least, for the purpose of giving elevation to the head.

If we look at its expansion of countenance, we shall find that the head most nobly vindicates its pre-eminence over all the other portions of the human fabric, and conspicuously exalts the dignity of man. The amplitude of the forehead; the expression of the eyebrow; the fire and brilliancy of the eye; the bold and manly, or the delicate and feminine, profile of the nose; the blush and dimple of the cheek; the witchery of

the smile; and the lovely contour of the chin; are attributes of man's countenance that are palpable to every one, and are the perpetual theme of the admiration, whether of the lover or of the philosopher. To this we ought also to add that interminable diversity of feature and of lineament so remarkable in the human face, that out of the countless millions of mankind possessing all that closeness of resemblance and all that striking similitude of form that are necessary to determine the species, or even the variety, no two individuals have ever yet been found so exactly alike as to make it a matter of any great difficulty to distinguish the one from the other.

Philosophers reduce the peculiar traits of countenance that characterize the several races of mankind to certain manifest varieties, of which the following are the most important:—1st. The Caucasian, whence the European variety: countenance oval; features delicately blended; forehead high and broad; nose aquiline; cheek-bones not prominent; complexion fair.—2nd. The Mongolian variety: face broad and flat; nose flat; space between the eyes wide; chin prominent; complexion olive.—3rd. The American variety: visage broad, but not flat; cheek-bones prominent; forehead short; eyes deeply fixed; nose flattish, but prominent; countenance red or of a copper tint.—4th. The Negro variety: face narrow, projecting in the lower part; forehead narrow, retreating, arched; eyes prominent; nose and lips thick; complexion black.—5th. The Malay variety: face not so narrow as in the Negro, projecting downwards; nose bottled; mouth large; complexion tawny.\*

If we look at its rounded and globular form, we shall perceive that the human head has a grace and beauty conferred upon it that do not belong to any other form peculiar to any other animal; and even in man, the varieties having most of the globular form have the most of beauty. This will appear very plainly, if the investigator will take the trouble to compare the form of the Caucasian variety with that of the other four varieties, either in the actual *crania* of dissected subjects, if he has access to such, or in the drawings with which anatomists have furnished us. The head of the Georgian female is regarded, by Europeans at least, as the most perfect model of human beauty. It is the most globular of all the varieties and is generally quoted as an example of the most exquisite of capital forms. In the other varieties, but particularly in that of the Negro, the forehead is so much flattened, and the lower part of the face—the mouth and jaws—so much protruded, as to suggest the degrading idea of a snout

or muzzle; lowering, in our estimation, excessively, the pretensions of the negro head, whether to grace or to beauty. Physiologists have even instituted a standard of perfection with regard to the form of the head, which they find in the facial angle of the Caucasian variety. Viewing the head in profile, when the body stands erect, draw a line from the greatest projection of the forehead to the upper maxillary bone: this is the facial line. From beneath the basis of the nostrils, draw a horizontal line meeting the facial line: this junction gives the facial angle,† and the measure of the relative projection of the jaws and forehead. The nearer it approaches to a right angle, or in other words, the less prominent the jaw, the more perfect is the form, and the greater the presumed sagacity of the individual. But if the head of the Negro will not bear a comparison with that of the Caucasian, much less will the head of any of the inferior animals bear it.

Lastly, if we regard the head as being the seat of the organs of sense, we shall find its pre-eminence above all the other parts of the human fabric to be most signally demonstrated. First, as containing the eye, the organ of vision, which, stationed like the sentinel in his watch-tower, surveys from its lofty height the objects placed around it, and unfolds to the individual the beauties of the external world. Cicero seems to have been duly impressed with a conviction of this truth when he wrote the following sentence: "*Nam oculi tanquam speculatores, altissimum locum optinent, ex quo plurima conspicientes, funguntur suo munere*;"‡—"For thus the eyes, placed like sentinels on a watch-tower, discharge their function with an extended sphere of vision." Secondly, as containing the ear, the organ of hearing, calculated to receive the impressions of sound, to give us notice of the approach of external objects, and to enable us to appreciate the value of tones, whether they be the modulations of music, or the articulations of a spoken language. Thirdly, as containing the nose, the organ of smell, and source of balmy delights, projecting, as Haller observes, "like an engine in the air,"§ to arrest and collect the perfumes, sweets, and odours that are exhaled from the treasures of Flora, and wafted on the winds. Fourthly, as containing the tongue, the organ of taste, and with the mouth, the arbiter of savours, discriminating between the clean and the unclean, the noxious and the wholesome, the production that is good for food and the production that is to be rejected; as well as forming a principal part of the apparatus of speech, the distinguish-

\* Blumenbach, by Elliotson, p. 388.

† De Nat. Doct.

‡ First Lines, by Cullen, sect. 465.

\* Blumenbach's Phys., by Elliotson, p. 391.



ing attribute of man. Fifthly, as possessing, in common with all the rest of the surface of the fabric, the general attribute of tact, which exists, however, in the highest degree only in the palms of the hands and at the ends of the fingers, and is there denominated touch. Finally, besides being the seat of the organs of sense, it is also the seat of the endowment of intellect, as is indicated by our own internal convictions, leading us irresistibly to the conclusion that thought has its residence in the head. The head thinks.—*The Rev. P. Keith.*

### Manners and Customs.

#### THE SCALDALETTO, OR ITALIAN WARMING-PAN.

(To the Editor.)

To your readers among the fair sex, it may not be uninteresting to know under what form that most necessary article of domestic economy, a Warming-Pan, appears in a foreign country.

The sketch beneath represents an Italian Warming-Pan, which we saw in use at an inn in Tuscany.

It consists of a frame of wood, from which, suspended by a hook, hangs an earthenware pot filled with wood ashes. The pot very much resembles those which all women in the south of Italy, from the princess to the beggar, carry about with them, and to which they give the name of *marito*, or husband.

This simple machine being placed in the bed, the bed-clothes are thrown over it. No danger of fire arises from the use of it, as the arched form of the framework produces a large cavity in the bed; and, whilst it thus protects it from the ashes, it at the same time affords to every part an equal warmth.

It is a most effectual contrivance, as we

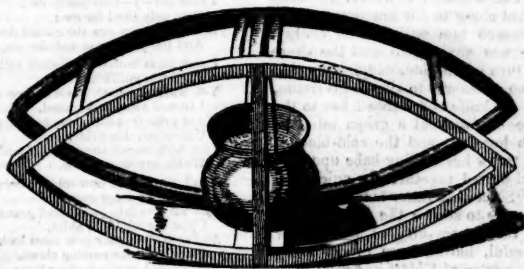
experienced to our comfort: and it received the entire admiration and approbation of the ladies of our party. E. C.

### The Public Journals.

#### THE PIRATE.

On one bright May morning, Edmund Allerton was riding along the southern shore of Long-Island, with spirits influenced by the brightness of the weather, the melody of the birds, and the green splendour of the woodlands. Quitting the confines of Brooklyn, then an unimportant village, consisting of a few dwellings unequally scattered over an undulating surface, the young horseman struck into a road, that, following the indentations of the bay, wound along for several miles on the borders of a pleasant and fruitful region.

Edmund remarked these and other features of the landscape, as, restraining the impetuosity of his horse, he made the animal amble leisurely along. Within a short distance of the site of the present Fort Hamilton, he halted and dismounted in the shade of a cedar grove, that grows upon the edge and half way down the bank, and was then, as now, defended from the encroachments of the axe, and the favourite resort of rustic couples. The rude trunks of this little plantation bear the initials of true lovers, some of them freshly cut in the hoary bark, and others half obliterated by the growth of the wood and the trespasses of vagrant mosses. The spot, although not haunted by any of the little elves and fairies, which are wont to sport in such bits of woodland in the old world, had, nevertheless, its own local traditions. Here, it was confidently asserted, were buried some of the treasures of that renowned rover, who figured so conspicuously in the colonial annals of our country; and the receptacle of his wealth



(Italian Warming-Pan.)

was said to be guarded by the sheeted apparition of one of the victims of the pirate. The story ran thus :—

Kidd, notwithstanding his repulsive manners and ferocious character, succeeded in engaging the affections of a lovely and innocent young woman, the daughter of one of the most substantial farmers of the island. She met him frequently, in secret and by night, in "Love's Grove," the romantic spot just described. He tried her cruelly; and finally, by wile and violence, made her wholly his. No sooner had the outlaw satisfied his base passion, than he bade farewell to his victim, and left her, a prey to grief, shame, and remorse. Months rolled on, and the fortunes of Kidd became so desperate, that he acknowledged the provinces too hot to hold him; and, being hunted closely, determined to turn his prow to the south, and thenceforth maraud upon the Carribean sea. But first, being unable to carry all his treasures on board of his vessel, he resolved to bury them on the shores of New-York bay and Long-Island sound, returning to claim them as opportunity occurred. With this view, he sought, one evening, the southern shore of Nassau Island, and landed in a spot which was perfectly familiar to him, as it was that in which he had so often met the unfortunate woman whom he had seduced and forsaken. He anchored his boat. Aided by a few followers and guided by the waning light of the moon, he took his chest of treasure on shore, and dug a deep pit into which he lowered it. The pirates were preparing to fill up the chasm, when a piercing cry broke from the wood, and immediately afterward a young girl, with a child in her arms, rushed forward and kneeled at the feet of Kidd. It was the pirate's mistress, who conjured him to make her his companion for life, as he had once promised to do. Kidd was unmoved; he reviled, he spurned the supplicant, and, with threatening gestures, commanded her to retire. She was not, however, so easily repulsed, but clung to his knees and continued to beseech him with frantic energy. The pirate was anxious to quit the shore before the turn of the tide, and finding that there was no other way to silence his victim, drew forth his knife and stabbed her to the heart. She fell without a groan into the pit beneath her feet, and the cold-blooded villain then threw her wailing babe upon the corpse, and buried together the quick and the dead. Since that time, many attempts have been made to secure the hidden treasure; but the money-diggers have never been successful, having been driven away by the pale spectre of Kidd's mistress, holding in her arms a child.

Edmund was familiar with this superstition, and, as he lingered in the shadow of the haunted grove, drew forth his tablets,

and sketched, with considerable rapidity, the following verses :—

#### THE LAST WORDS OF KIDD.

With iron gyves and manacles  
Ye've bound my hapless form,  
That once, unyielding, braved the sea,  
The battle and the storm;  
But though the links are huge and strong,  
And forged with cruel art,  
They are not half so heavy as  
The weight upon my heart.  
When in my might and liberty,  
I trod the oaken deck,  
I little feared the coming foe,  
I little feared the wreck;  
The truest hearts that ever bled  
Were beating by my side,  
And in my face you could not trace  
Aught save defying pride.  
Ay, I was proud—proud of the flag,  
That, like a lurid star,  
A meteor of the air and wave,  
Streamed o'er the ocean war;  
'Twas never struck, but nobly kept  
Its place upon the mast—  
And when the spar was shot away,  
It fluttered to the last.  
But all is done—the cannonade  
Has died along the wave,  
And more than half my gallant crew  
Sleep in a briny grave:  
And spars, and planks, and riven yards  
Are floating o'er the deep;  
Why must my bones away from thee,  
My gallant sea-boat, sleep?  
Confess, ye British mariners,  
We made a brave defence,  
Our guns, well served with grape and round,  
Sent many a seaman hence,  
A gallant rover's triumph o'er  
His foes you should have seen,  
Had but the shell I threw blown up  
Within the magazine.  
But that is past, and shadows dark  
Are crowding o'er me now,  
And misery has set its seal  
Upon my icy brow.  
No subtle priest is by my side  
To shrieve me or to bless;  
But my hour of pride is past, and I  
Will now confess—confess!  
I slew her on the island shore—  
It was a cursed deed—  
And yet I shuddered not at first  
To see my victim bleed.  
I slew her—I—that gentle one,  
Who only lived for me:  
My boat's crew saw the cursed deed,  
And the pale moon and the sea.  
I slew them both—the mother and  
The little guiltless child;  
Yet, when the earth was o'er them cast,  
I turned away and smiled.  
'Twas pride that curled my haughty lip,  
Unconquerable pride,  
That bade me all the pangs of guilt  
Within my bosom hide.  
Alas! since then, how seldom sleep  
Has visited these eyes!  
How oft I've lain awake and gazed  
Upon the midnight skies,  
And seen their poor pale faces look  
From out some passing cloud,  
That flushed as if reflecting there  
The blood that cried aloud.  
'Twas in the Gulf of Mexico—  
Midnight, and I awake—  
A spiritual presence made  
My flesh creep and heart quake.

'Twas she—my murdered mistress—and  
How awfully she smiled,  
And how extended, with thin arms,  
Her little phantom child!

"I come," she said, "to tell you of  
The faithful watch I've kept,  
How, round and round the grave of gold,  
I've walked, while others slept—  
Walked, till the cock crew and the morn  
Dappled the distant East;  
E'en now we flee o'er land and sea,  
To do your high behest.

"I come to tell you of your doom—  
'Tis written in the scroll  
Where every deed is registered  
Against each guilty soul.  
Farewell! farewell! I go to watch  
The grave beside the bay!"  
And, waving slow one ashy hand,  
She faded quite away.

Say—can your dungeons and your chains,  
Though formed with cruel art,  
Produce one half the hellish pangs  
That lacerate my heart?  
My phantom mistress comes to share  
My dungeon's gloom with me;  
She brings the child!—Lead me away—  
I'll kiss the fatal tree!

*New England Magazine.*

SONG BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW  
RHYMES."

Drop, drop into the grave, Old Leaf,  
Drop, drop into the grave;  
Thy acorns grown, thy acorns sown,  
Drop, drop into the grave;  
December's tempests rave, Old Leaf,  
Above thy forest-grave, Old Leaf;  
Drop, drop into the grave!

The birds in spring will sweetly sing  
That death alone is sad;  
The grass will grow, the primrose show  
That death alone is sad;  
Lament above thy grave, Old Leaf;  
For what has life to do with grief?  
'Tis death alone that's sad.

What then? We two have both lived through  
The sunshine and the rain;  
And blessed be He, to me and thee  
Who sent His sun and rain!  
We've had our sun and rain, Old Leaf;  
And God will send again, Old Leaf,  
The sunshine and the rain.

Race after race of leaves and men  
Bloom, wither, and are gone;  
As winds and waters rise and fall,  
So life and death roll on;  
And long as ocean heaves, Old Leaf,  
And bud and fade the leaves, Old Leaf,  
Will life and death roll on.

How like am I to thee, Old Leaf!  
We'll drop together down;  
How like art thou to me, Old Leaf!  
We'll drop together down:  
I'm grey, and thou art brown, Old Leaf—  
We'll drop together down, Old Leaf,  
We'll drop together down!

Drop, drop into the grave, Old Leaf,  
Drop, drop into the grave;  
Thy acorns grown, thy acorns sown,  
Drop, drop into the grave;  
December's tempests rave, Old Leaf,  
Above thy forest-grave, Old Leaf;  
Drop, drop into the grave.

*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.*

## New Books.

### LEGENDS OF THE CONQUEST OF SPAIN.

*By the Author of the Sketch-Book.*

[HERE is the third volume of Washington Irving's delightful *Miscellanies*, drawn "from the enchanted fountains of old Spanish chronicles." "Few events in history," prefaces the author, "have been so signal and striking in their main circumstances, and so overwhelming and enduring in their consequences, as that of the conquest of Spain by the Saracens." From the records of this mighty event has Washington Irving woven his volume of fixing legends; "not claiming for them the authenticity of sober history, yet giving nothing that has not historical foundation." Tinctured with saintly miracle, savouring of the cloister, and rich in romantic fictions that betray their Arabian authors,—from such apocryphal sources, Spanish historians have taken their rise, "as pure rivers may be traced up to the fens and mantled pools of a morass." It is true that discriminating authors have only culled such particulars as, from their probability and congruity, might be safely recorded as historical facts; yet, most of these are tinged from their romantic source.]

To discard, however, everything wild and marvellous in this portion of Spanish history, is to discard some of its most beautiful, instructive, and national features; it is to judge of Spain by the standard of probability suited to tamer and more prosaic countries. Spain is virtually a land of poetry and romance, where every-day life partakes of adventure, and where the least agitation or excitement carries everything up into extravagant enterprise and daring exploit. The Spaniards, in all ages, have been of swelling and braggart spirit, soaring in thought, pompous in word, and valiant, though vainglorious, in deed. Their heroic aims have transcended the cooler conceptions of their neighbours, and their reckless daring has borne them on to achievements which prudent enterprise could never have accomplished. Since the time, too, of the conquest and occupation of their country by the Arabs, a strong infusion of oriental magnificence has entered into the national character, and rendered the Spaniard distinct from every other nation of Europe.

[The volume is divided into two Sections—the Legend of Don Roderick; and the Legend of the Subjugation of Spain: these are subdivided into chapters, so as to engraft upon the main events many a tale of riveting interest, as may be seen in a specimen.]

### *Story of the Marvellous and Portentous Tower.*

The morning sun shone brightly upon the cliff-built towers of Toledo, when King Roderick issued out of the gate of the city, at the

head of a numerous train of courtiers and cavaliers, and crossed the bridge that bestrides the deep rocky bed of the Tagus. The shining cavalcade wound up the road that leads among the mountains, and soon came in sight of the necromantic tower.

Of this renowned edifice marvels are related by the ancient Arabian and Spanish chroniclers; "and I doubt much," adds the venerable Agapida, "whether many readers will not consider the whole as a cunningly devised fable, sprung from an oriental imagination; but it is not for me to reject a fact which is recorded by all those writers who are the fathers of our national history: a fact, too, which is as well attested as most of the remarkable events in the story of Don Roderick. None but light and inconsiderate minds," continues the good friar, "do hastily reject the marvellous. To the thinking mind the whole world is enveloped in mystery, and everything is full of type and portent. To such a mind the necromantic tower of Toledo will appear as one of those wondrous monuments of the olden time."

This singular tower was round, and of great height and grandeur; erected upon a lofty rock, and surrounded by crags and precipices. The foundation was supported by four brazen lions, each taller than a cavalier on horseback. The walls were built of small pieces of jasper, and various coloured marbles, not larger than a man's hand; so subtly joined, however, that, but for their different hues, they might be taken for one entire stone. They were arranged with marvellous cunning, so as to represent battles and warlike deeds of times and heroes long since passed away; and the whole surface was so admirably polished that the stones were as lustrous as glass, and reflected the rays of the sun with such resplendent brightness as to dazzle all beholders.\*

King Roderick and his courtiers arrived wondering and amazed, at the foot of the rock. Here there was a narrow, arched way cut through the living stone; the only entrance to the tower. It was closed by a massive iron gate, covered with rusty locks of divers workmanship, and in the fashion of different centuries, which had been affixed by the predecessors of Don Roderick. On either side of the portal stood the two ancient guardians of the tower, laden with the keys appertaining to the locks.

The king alighted, and, approaching the portals, ordered the guardians to unlock the gate. The hoary-headed men drew back with terror. "Alas!" cried they, "what is it your majesty requires of us. Would you have the mischiefs of this tower unbound,

and let loose to shake the earth to its foundations?"

The venerable archbishop Urbino likewise implored him not to disturb a mystery which had been held sacred from generation to generation, within the memory of man; and which even Cæsar himself, when sovereign of Spain, had not ventured to invade. The youthful cavaliers, however, were eager to pursue the adventure, and encouraged him in his rash curiosity.

"Come what come may," exclaimed Don Roderick, "I am resolved to penetrate the mystery of this tower." So saying, he again commanded the guardians to unlock the portal. The ancient men obeyed with fear and trembling, but their hands shook with age, and when they applied the keys, the locks were so rusted by time, or of such strange workmanship, that they resisted their feeble efforts; whereupon the young cavaliers pressed forward and lent their aid. Still the locks were so numerous and difficult, that with all their eagerness and strength a great part of the day was exhausted before the whole of them could be mastered.

When the last bolt had yielded to the key, the guardians and the reverend archbishop again entreated the king to pause and reflect. "Whatever is within this tower," said they, "is as yet harmless, and lies bound under a mighty spell: venture not then to open a door which may let forth a flood of evil upon the land." But the anger of the king was roused, and he ordered that the portal should be instantly thrown open. In vain, however, did one after another exert his strength: and equally in vain did the cavaliers unite their forces, and apply their shoulders to the gate: though there was neither bar nor bolt remaining, it was perfectly immovable.

The patience of the king was now exhausted, and he advanced to apply his hand; scarcely, however, did he touch the iron gate, when it swung slowly open, uttering, as it were, a dismal groan, as it turned reluctantly upon its hinges. A cold, damp wind issued forth, accompanied by a tempestuous sound. The hearts of the ancient guardians quaked within them, and their knees smote together; but several of the youthful cavaliers rushed in, eager to gratify their curiosity, or to signalize themselves in this redoubtable enterprise. They had scarcely advanced a few paces, however, when they recoiled, overcome by the baleful air, or by some fearful vision.† Upon this, the king ordered that fires should be kindled to dispel the darkness, and to correct the noxious and long imprisoned air: he then led the way into the interior; but, though stout of heart, he advanced with awe and hesitation.

After proceeding a short distance, he entered a hall, or antechamber, on the opposite

\* From the minute account of the good friar, drawn from the ancient chronicles, it would appear that the walls of the tower were pictured in mosaic work.

† Bleda, Cronica, cap. 7.

side of which was a door; and before it, on a pedestal, stood a gigantic figure, of the colour of bronze, and of a terrible aspect. It held a huge mace, which it whirled incessantly, giving such cruel and resounding blows upon the earth as to prevent all further entrance.

The king paused at sight of this appalling figure; for whether it were a living being, or a status of magic artifice, he could not tell. On its breast was a scroll, whereon was inscribed in large letters, "I do my duty." After a little while Roderick plucked up heart, and addressed it with great solemnity: "Whatever thou be," said he, "know that I came not to violate this sanctuary, but to inquire into the mystery it contains; I conjure thee, therefore, to let me pass in safety."

Upon this the figure paused with uplifted mace, and the king and his train passed unmolested through the door.

They now entered a vast chamber, of a rare and sumptuous architecture, difficult to be described. The walls were incrustured with the most precious gems, so joined together as to form one smooth and perfect surface. The lofty dome appeared to be self-supported, and was studded with gems, lustrous as the stars of the firmament. There was neither wood, nor any other common or base material to be seen throughout the edifice. There were no windows or other openings to admit the day, yet a radiant light was spread throughout the place, which seemed to shine from the walls, and to render every object distinctly visible.

In the centre of this hall stood a table of alabaster, of the rarest workmanship, on which was inscribed in Greek characters, that Hercules Alcides, the Theban Greek, had founded this tower in the year of the world three thousand and six. Upon the table stood a golden casket, richly set round with precious stones, and closed with a lock of mother-of-pearl; and on the lid were inscribed the following words:—

"In this coffer is contained the mystery of the tower. The hand of none but a king can open it; but let him beware! for marvellous events will be revealed to him, which are to take place before his death."

King Roderick boldly seized upon the casket. The venerable archbishop laid his hand upon his arm, and made a last remonstrance. "Forbear, my son!" said he; "desist while there is yet time. Look not into the mysterious decrees of Providence. God has hidden them in mercy from our sight, and it is impious to rend the veil by which they are concealed."

"What have I to dread from a knowledge of the future?" replied Roderick, with an air of haughty presumption. "If good be destined me, I shall enjoy it by anticipation:

if evil, I shall arm myself to meet it." So saying, he rashly broke the lock.

Within the coffer he found nothing but a linen cloth, folded between two tablets of copper. On unfolding it, he beheld painted on it figures of men on horseback, of fierce demeanour, clad in turbans and robes of various colours, after the fashion of the Arabs, with scimitars hanging from their necks, and crossbows at their saddle-backs, and they carried banners and pennons with divers devices. Above them was inscribed in Greek characters, "Rash monarch! behold the men who are to hurl thee from thy throne, and subdue thy kingdom!"

At sight of these things the king was troubled in spirit, and dismay fell upon his attendants. While they were yet regarding the paintings, it seemed as if the figures began to move, and a faint sound of warlike tumult arose from the cloth, with the clash of cymbal and bray of trumpet, the neigh of steed and shout of army; but all was heard indistinctly, as if afar off, or in a reverie or dream. The more they gazed, the plainer became the motion, and the louder the noise; and the linen cloth rolled forth, and amplified, and spread out, as it were, a mighty banner, and filled the hall, and mingled with the air, until its texture was no longer visible, or appeared as a transparent cloud: and the shadowy figures became all in motion, and the din and uproar became fiercer and fiercer; and whether the whole were an animated picture, or a vision, or an array of embodied spirits, conjured up by supernatural power, no one present could tell. They beheld before them a great field of battle, where Christians and Moslems were engaged in deadly conflict. They heard the rush and tramp of steeds, the blast of trump and clarion, the clash of cymbal, and the stormy din of a thousand drums. There was the clash of swords, and maces, and battle-axes, with the whistling of arrows, and the hurling of darts and lances. The Christians quailed before the foe; the infidels pressed upon them and put them to utter rout; the standard of the cross was cast down, the banner of Spain was trodden under foot, the air resounded with shouts of triumphs, with yells of fury, and with the groans of dying men. Amidst the flying squadrons, King Roderick beheld a crowned warrior, whose luck was turned towards him, but whose armour and device were his own, and who was mounted on a white steed that resembled his own war-horse Orelia. In the confusion of the flight, the warrior was dismounted, and was no longer to be seen, and Orelia galloped wildly through the field of battle without a rider.

Roderick stayed to see no more, but rushed from the fatal hall, followed by his terrified attendants. They fled through the outer



chamber, where the gigantic figure with the whirling mace had disappeared from his pedestal; and on issuing into the open air, they found the two ancient guardians of the tower lying dead at the portal, as though they had been crushed by some mighty blow. All nature, which had been clear and serene, was now in wild uproar. The heavens were darkened by heavy clouds; loud bursts of thunder rent the air, and the earth was deluged with rain and rattling hail.

The king ordered that the iron portal should be closed; but the door was immovable, and the cavaliers were dismayed by the tremendous turmoil and the mingled shouts and groans that continued to prevail within. The king and his train hastened back to Toledo, pursued and pelted by the tempest. The mountains shook and echoed with the thunder, trees were uprooted and blown down, and the Tagus raged and roared and flowed above its banks. It seemed to the affrighted courtiers as if the phantom legions of the tower had issued forth and mingled with the storm; for amidst the claps of thunder and the howling of the wind, they fancied they heard the sound of the drums and trumpets, the shouts of armies and the rush of steeds. Thus beaten by tempest, and overwhelmed with horror, the king and his courtiers arrived at Toledo, clattering across the bridge of the Tagus, and entering the gate in headlong confusion, as though they had been pursued by an enemy.

In the morning, the heavens were again serene, and all nature was restored to tranquillity. The king, therefore, issued forth with his cavaliers and took the road to the tower, followed by a great multitude, for he was anxious once more to close the iron door, and shut up those evils that threatened to overwhelm the land. But, lo! on coming in sight of the tower, a new wonder met their eyes. An eagle appeared high in the air, seeming to descend from heaven. He bore in his beak a burning brand, and lighting on the summit of the tower, fanned the fire with his wings. In a little while, the edifice burst forth into a blaze as though it had been built of resin, and the flames mounted into the air with a brilliancy more dazzling than the sun; nor did they cease until every stone was consumed, and the whole was reduced to a heap of ashes. Then there came a vast flight of birds, small of size and sable of hue, darkening the sky like a cloud; and they descended and wheeled in circles round the ashes, causing so great a wind with their wings that the whole was borne up into the air, and scattered throughout all Spain, and wherever a particle of those ashes fell it was as a stain of blood. It is furthermore recorded by ancient men and writers of former days, that all those on whom this dust fell were afterwards slain in battle, when the country

was conquered by the Arabs, and that the destruction of this necromantic tower was a sign and token of the approaching perdition of Spain.

"Let all those," concludes the cautious friar, "who question the verity of this most marvellous occurrence, consult those admirable sources of our history, the chronicle of the Moor Rasis, and the work entitled, 'The Fall of Spain,' written by the Moor, Abul-casim Tarif Abentarique. Let them consult, moreover, the venerable historian Bleda, and the cloud of other Catholic Spanish writers, who have treated of this event, and they will find I have related nothing that has not been printed and published under the inspection and sanction of our holy mother church. God alone knoweth the truth of these things; I speak nothing but what has been handed down to me from times of old."

#### AN EXPERIMENTAL GUIDE TO CHEMISTRY.

[THIS is a clever little book by Mr. E. Davy, the operative chemist. Its main object is "to furnish minute directions to such as are novices in chemical manipulation;" introductory to the larger works of Faraday and others. It is arranged in three Parts: 1. Initiatory Experiments; explanation of Technical Terms; and Rationale of Phenomena. 2. Epitome of Chemistry; Simple Substances and their combinations. 3. Illustrative Experiments, classed; and description of Apparatus. The style of these explanations is perspicuous and satisfactory, and the subjects are not of the cut-and-dry character, but have a due infusion of novelty, with just enough of new nomenclature. We quote a seasonable extract.]

#### Sympathetic Inks. Coloured Flames.

With a clean pen write on paper with a solution of muriate of cobalt, so diluted with water that the writing when dry may be invisible. On gently warming the paper, the writing will appear of a *blue or greenish* colour, which will disappear again soon after cooling.

A solution of muriate of copper in like manner forms a *yellow* sympathetic ink; and acetate of cobalt a *rose or purple*. If a landscape be drawn representing in its natural state a winter scene, the paper being overlaid in the places where the foliage should be with the *green* sympathetic ink, then on very gently warming the drawing, it will represent summer. Sky and water may be represented with the *blue*, and standing corn, or the thatch of cottages, with the *yellow* sympathetic ink.

G. W.'s Sympathetic Landscapes, recently published by Mr. Morgan of Judd-street, and sold in many print shops, exhibit this curious transformation in much perfection. If the inks are not properly prepared and

neutral, the paper will be stained and corroded, and will not again become colourless on cooling.

Draw or write on paper, with a weak solution of iron or copper, &c. The lines will be invisible, but may be made to appear on brushing them over with diluted tincture of galls, or solution of ferrocyanate (prussiate) of potash, &c. The colours will vary according to the solutions used.

Dry some common salt at a low red heat: then moisten it with strong spirits of wine in a saucer, and set it on fire. A *yellow* flame will be produced, and if the other lights in the room be removed, the countenances of those present will assume a livid, ghastly hue.

Moisten dried nitrate of strontia with spirits of wine: it will burn with a *carmine* coloured flame, shedding a beautiful tint on surrounding objects.

Burn alcohol over any salt of copper in like manner: it will produce a *green* flame. Pure baryta will communicate to the flame of alcohol a brilliant *yellow*; muriate of magnesia, an *orange* colour; boracic acid, a *green*, &c.

Some of these substances are employed by fire-work makers to colour the stars of skyrockets, &c.

[The arrangement of the experiments to illustrate principles is good; without this they would be mere amusement—mere delights for the eye—without any beneficial effect upon the understanding. To novices, therefore, we cordially recommend this volume as an excellent manual of beginnings in chemistry.]

### Notes of a Reader.

#### NEW YORK IN THE OLDEN TIME.—THE JAIL.

On the north-west corner of the Old Jail, now the Register Office, stood the gallows, forty years ago. It was raised on a platform, nearly twenty feet high, having a roof supported by four posts, much in the form of a hay-rick, such as the Dutch farmers, near Tappan, set up in their fields to protect their fodder from the winter's blast. Around the beam, just under the gutter, a number of iron hooks projected; on these the rope was hitched, by which the executioner performed the last office of justice. A gentleman told me, that he saw nine pirates hanging there at one time. If my dates be correct, it was in October, 1794, that this frightful apparatus was rigged up for the last time; the criminal was Noah G —; the crime forgery, which in those days was capital. I made one among the crowd; the hour was come; but, instead of the convict, there came a reprieve. This news was received with much grumbling and discontent; for

there is something in our nature which brooks any thing rather than a disappointment, whenever we fully expect to do or see any thing, or go any where: for myself, I must say, I was greatly disappointed; I had never seen an execution, I had lost an hour in waiting, and I really could not help wishing that he had been brought out—this may be very wrong, but I plead guilty. Be this as it may, Noah was respited on condition of ending his days in the state prison; this mock-reformer of the wicked was being built at that time, and nearly finished; he, of course, was the first tenant, and, being a shoemaker, from him sprung the many thousands of that craft who have since peopled that house of industry. He behaved so well in the capacity of foreman for about the space of seven years, that his friends thought him a reformed man, and, of course, an excellent specimen of this new mode of punishment. A petition, with numerous signatures was presented, he was pardoned, and turned loose on the public, an old offender with a new suit of clothes, ready to commence depredations at once. Money was loaned and credit given to him, he opened a large shop in Pearl-street, and, for some years, carried on a respectable trade in boots and shoes. As some of the members of the Society of Friends had been the means of saving him from the gallows, and putting tools in his hands, whereby to commence a new life,—from respect, I presume, he adopted their mild language, and, if I rightly remember, their plain dress also; but still he was a wolf in sheep's clothing. On a certain day, he gave one of his out-door journeymen some materials to make a pair of boots:—"Now," said he to his man, "friend, thou must bring me these boots, on such a day, at five o'clock in the afternoon precisely."—"You shall have them," replied the man. The boots, however, did not come till twenty-four hours after the time appointed. Noah began to scold the man, in no measured terms, for his want of punctuality; the man stated, that he had a wife and five young children, that his wife had been taken sick, and he had to be cook, nurse, and chambermaid, &c. Noah would take no excuse, but went on, describing the evils and miseries of disappointment at full length. The man, losing all patience, exclaimed, "I know it is a mortifying thing to be disappointed; for I remember once going out to see you hanged; and when I heard that you were reprieved, I don't know that I ever was so much disappointed in my life!" Here was a knock-down reply. Noah answered not a word, but gave the man another pair of boots to make. Shortly after this, Noah one night disappeared between the setting and the rising of the sun, after borrowing money, getting indorsements, and goods on credit.

I leave you now to judge whether the public were losers or gainers by this disappointment of the gallows.

LAURIE TODD.

### The Gatherer.

**Lost Appetite.**—At the last meeting of the British Association, Dr. Coulter stated that in India is found a plant, a species of *Veratrum*, (hellebore,) not the *Veratrum subadilla* of the shops, a portion of which, was taken medicinally by a person labouring under dyspepsia, so that he could make use of no food, and having, at the time, to ride thirty miles a day. After the second dose, his appetite returned. The plant is called by the natives, the Indian's root.

**Railways.**—In America, 46 railways are completed; 137 are in progress; and one is now projecting, from Baltimore to the vale of the Ohio, which will be 330 miles in length.

Upon the Liverpool and London railway, at the ordinary speed of the engines, the journey will be effected in ten hours; but, if carriages be built expressly for speed, they may travel at the rate of 40, 50, or even 60 miles an hour, so that the mail may be conveyed from London to Liverpool in three hours and a half! The intercourse between London and Liverpool is 1,300 persons a day; and the intercourse between the metropolis and Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham, is annually a million and a quarter—very nearly the amount of the whole population of the metropolis.

**Yew-trees.**—It has been calculated from the number of layers found in a piece of Irish yew, that the tree must have been as old as the Christian era. The age assigned by tradition to the celebrated yew-tree at Mucruss, Killarney, has been verified by the number of its layers.

There is a very curious historical fact relating to our first capture of the island of Jamaica, by Pen and Venables, two of Cromwell's bravest and most enterprising admirals. They had made a spirited attack on Hispaniola, and failed; but, to counterbalance this ill fortune, they assailed Jamaica and took it. Of so little importance did Cromwell and the nation regard this acquisition, that on their arrival in London, Pen and Venables were both sent to the Tower, for having expended lives and ammunition upon so very insignificant a conquest.

**John Home.**—There could not be a livelier or more agreeable companion than the author of *Douglas*, (says Sir John Sinclair,) and his merits as a dramatic author are well known. By his talents, he was early in life introduced into the best company that Scotland afforded. Claret was at that time the favourite liquor;

and, owing to its being admitted into the port of Leith, on Spanish instead of French duties, it was cheap, and was drunk in great quantities. A naval officer, who happened to be stationed in the Frith of Forth, by transmitting information to the Treasury, put a stop to this illegal advantage. The price of claret was so much increased, in consequence of this additional duty, that many *bons vivans* were obliged to renounce it, and betake themselves to port; and, in despair, at one of their convivial meetings, they applied to their friend, John Home, to write some verses expressive of their feelings. He immediately produced the following:—

"Bold and erect the Caledonian stood;  
Old was his mutton, and his claret good.  
'Make him drink port!' an English statesman  
cried;

He drank the poison, and his spirit died."

Fortunately, it has since been found by experience, that port is not poison, and that Caledonian spirit does not depend upon the drinking of claret; but the anecdote is worth preserving, as an instance of the ridiculous prejudices of former times. W. G. C.

**Fall of Rain.**—A much greater quantity of rain falls in the upper part of the atmosphere than on the ground. This has been ascertained by experiments outside York Minster: during a shower, three rain-gauges were placed, one on the top, a second on the ground, and a third half-way down; the higher from the ground, the greater was the quantity of rain.

**Speaking Instrument.**—Professor Wheatstone has constructed an instrument composed of a sound-box, with a bellows attached to one end, to the other the frustum of a cone with the base outside, and keys inside the box, to the other end. By pressing the wind through the bellows, and fingering the keys with one hand, the other being applied to the box of the frustum of the cone, the machine will utter intelligibly the words "papa," "mamma," "thumb," "plum."

The British Association have determined to apply to Government to send out an expedition to the Antarctic regions, for the purpose of discovering the Southern magnetic poles.

To M. S.—The paragraph "Living," at page 32, was contributed by our intelligent Correspondent, W. G. C.—The Maritime Alps extend from the coast of the Mediterranean Sea, between Oneglia and Toulon, across the Cols Ardeute and Tende, to Mont Viso, separating Piedmont and Provence from the Mediterranean. We cheerfully furnish this information, though we are not aware of any want of perspicuity in our Correspondent's paragraph.

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